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BILL ON THE HOG

He Writes of the Versatile and Slab-Sided Razorback.

AND TELLS OF THE BLACK BEAR

Which Flourishes in the Home of Senator Vance—Remarks about the Senator—His Home, Gombroon.

Black mountain is the home of the large Eurasian black bear, Big Tom Wilson and Senator Zebulon Baird Vance. Four times in six years Big Tom Wilson has written me: "Come up as soon as possible. I have caught the bear owned by you for killing purposes. Please hurry up, as he is eating his head



off." Four times affairs of state have prevented my going up to Black mountain, and so other hands have killed my bear.

The bear of Black mountain is of the order of Carnivora and tribe Plantigrade, and is a tribe of the family Ursidae. They walk on the soles of their feet and have five toes on each foot. Their tales are not aerial tales, being brief and to the point. The tail of the Black mountain bear is extremely rudimentary, and in some cases is merely a depression.

Some species of the bear hibernate in the winter, occupying a hollow tree or cave in the earth. They remain stationary at such times, living on the record of their glorious past. The Kamchatkan bear is found in Kamchatka. The flesh of the black bear of Black mountain is eaten for food. It tastes like a hot box. People who can get codliver oil to eat seldom eat bear meat. The bear eats mostly berries, roots and herbs, and therefore should be good eating himself, but he breaks over the rules sometimes after Lent and eats a colored child.

Now and then one at dusk hears the shrill cry of a shot across the shady valley of the north branch of the Swannanoa. Then the peasantry of Black mountain crouch close to each other, and they call in their great wealth of fog where it will be safe, for they know that Senator Vance is feeding the bear with one of his clipper bill hogs.

Sensor Vance's hogs come of a hardy race of ridge roasters easily detected by the long, sad face. He is a mountain hog and fond of liberty, reminding one of William Tell, except that his legs are longer. He is sure footed and clings to the crags and precipices like a chamois. "Yesterday," said the senator, "we killed a rattlesnake and I wanted the boys to keep it to show you, but I've got thirty or forty hogs running around here loose in the woods waiting for chestnuts or the third party or something of that kind to come along, and so they ate it up."

These hogs during the summer diet and train themselves down a great deal, take long walks and otherwise hunt themselves till they look like autumn leaves. Then, when the autumn leaves and the nuts and acorns come on, you will see the razorback, if the crop be good, fling his tail gayly over the dashboard and let bygones be bygones. Should the meat, as this crop is called, be short, or only a half crop, of course his tail will naturally hang at half mast, but that is neither here nor there.

When taken up and fed a month or so after this course of chastening the Black mountain sandy shote or coral insectoon becomes a delicious morsel, the hams being as large and juicy as those of the Buff Cochon hen at maturity.

I ate a couple of these hams at Senator Vance's table, and I shall never speak lightly of the ridgen roaster again. He is subject to none of the diseases peculiar to corpulents. He breathes good air, eats the pokeberry in midsummer till his ceilings and wall-papers are as red as a Chinese demonstration, then he eats the wild cucumber which falls from the cucumber tree after the North wind. The result is that by November he is ready to take a course of corn in the me or elsewhere, and winds up at the glorious jubilee when the holly berries are red and the mistletoe and the possums are both ripe, still slender and girlish in figure, but as tender and juicy as a Brazil nut.

Sometimes one strikes a mountain hog, however, that will not take on flesh, but remains thin and angular. These are often killed and dried just as they are, and may be used to clean lamp chimneys with.

Sensor Vance lives on the saddle of a ridge in such a position as to have in front of the house the highest peak of Craggy mountain, while at the back of the house, straight down 200 feet, you have the rear and tumble of the North Branch. Here stands Gombroon, the craggy and blood home of North Carolina's favored son and senator.

"What made you call it Gombroon?" asked Mrs. Vance. "I ate another watermelon," he added, correcting himself. "You look a great deal younger than you are," Boston Globe.

gulf had nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Vance. "I'd been reading an article on 'The Vagaries of Eminent Men,' and among others the dream of De Quincy that seemed to haunt him in all his later years, that he had conquered, owned and ruled a distant island called Gombroon. In all his work and in all his leisure, as a purple background to the picture of actual life, stood this ever present country which he called Gombroon."

"So, when in the midst of this, husband wrote me that if he could think as earnestly and industriously of the coming convention as he did of the cows and the orchard upon Black mountain he would probably be more successful as a politician, I named the house Gombroon, and Gombroon it is likely to remain."

The nominees on the third party ticket in North Carolina seem to be having some trouble already, one having been arrested for using profane language in the postoffice, another for carrying concealed weapons, another charged with eloping with his wife's sister, and another with stealing a hog from a widow woman during our late war. I trust that these grave charges will be refuted at an early date.

Senator Vance has many agricultural ideas in common with my own. His watermelons mature in October. So do mine. He has been unsuccessful in perfecting a coreless baked apple from seedling trees. So have I. His wormless apple for train use has never reached maturity. Neither has my own.

Gombroon is a handsome summer home built of native timber grown on the place, cut on the place and hauled by the Vance mules, Peter and Repeter, to a little mill down the Branch, where the timber was sawed, dressed, kiln dried and prepared for the building. In digging for the foundation a bed of beautiful building sand was found, and a quarry of excellent stone was struck within a four minute walk of the house and a little above it, so that with a stone boat and the speckled steers, Eyether and Nyether, Senator Vance easily hauled in a few days stone enough to build the foundation of the house.



I ATE ANOTHER WATERMELON.

The building is finished in the very justly celebrated woods of North Carolina, and I may be allowed at this point to speak, I hope, of the lack of enthusiasm shown in the collection and preparation of such things for the big fair from this state. It is doubtful if any other state in the Union has such an unbounded wealth of beautiful woods, and yet I tremble when I think what a feeble showing it bids fair to make at Chicago. Nebraska, which is a magnificent agricultural state, but not celebrated as a timber state by any means, will furnish the \$1,000 hammer with a handle of Nebraska woods with which to drive the last nail in the woman's building. Why couldn't North Carolina, with every variety of staple and ornamental wood covering the entire Blue Ridge in this state to a depth of 80 to 100 feet, nerve herself up to supplying the handle of such a hammer? She would not feel it in fifty years from now.

Gombroon, with its oaken stairs and halls, its ceilings of curly poplar and maple, its rooms finished in cherry and mahogany, its library with massive dark beams of native wood and oaken floors, is a good advertisement of what there is lying untouched and undeveloped in what Professor Guyot says is the most magnificently wooded mountain range in the world.

Mr. Suttle, to whose mules we were indebted for a delightful ride of eight miles up to Gombroon, said that the estate embraces 2,500 acres, I believe, which gives the senator's pigs a feeling of perfect freedom that is entirely absent in the illiterate but arrogant hog of the congested metropolis.

The Vance hog may be known at once by the flash of his eye and the firm, erect and defiant tail. His face is long and thoughtful, but there is an elasticity to his step which reminds one of the antelope, the springbok or the gazelle. Senator Vance began life and gradually worked his way up to congress, where he has nothing to do from morning till night but to legislate in the interests of good government, dotlines and answer letters from his constituents at night.

As a young lawyer he attracted the attention of the court by his Craggy mountain methods of settling matters with opposing counsel. "Will you step outside and repeat that remark?" he would say in a low tone to counsel, motioning over his shoulder with his thumb. Then, if counsel said yes, they would slip out quietly and in an expert method arrange the matter, returning later with from two to four eyes closed and crumpled the trial.

Which sounded the best?

"I am afraid you look like me getting up in years," said Miss May looking fully to Oudly as they sat looking at the flickering logs in the grate.

"Not at all," said Oudly gallantly. "You're not so old as you look, I mean," he added, correcting himself. "You look a great deal younger than you are," Boston Globe.

WIFE AND A HOME

How to Manage One and Make the Other Happy.

MEN WHO KNOW EXPLAIN IT ALL

Howard Fielding and Maud—Ope Read Tells His Way of Living—Bill Arp Surprised.

A gentleman who deeply needed the information and who also knew where to go for it, has asked me how to manage a wife. He could not have asked a better man. For whether Maud and I have done well or ill, the responsibility has been wholly mine. My wife has been absolutely under my control.

Few other men can say this; for in order to be able to say it a man must be a good liar by nature, and one who has never let himself get out of training. But in my case it is the truth. It is always a man's fault if his wife doesn't suit him. He should mold her character and disposition in accordance with his wishes. It is wonderful how great an influence we can have upon those with whom we are intimately associated.



ONLY A FACE IN THE SMOKE.

ated in this vale of tears. I made this discovery early in life.

There is nothing so much like matrimony as "chumming" with a fellow at college. My chum was full of faults. For instance, he used to lose all his money at poker instead of buying furniture for the room. This practice would have endangered our friendship, but I rose to the occasion. I reformed him. In three months he was a steady winner and we had a velvet carpet on the floor and pictures on the wall.

It is selfishness, perhaps, which leads a wise man to modify those with whom he comes in contact in such a way that they will be more agreeable to him, but although that method may be called by so hard a name I must recommend it earnestly. Just how I have done it is a secret which I shall presently divulge for the benefit of any bachelor who may be trembling on the brink of matrimony.

Most men fail to realize how important is this matter of modifying, by well directed effort, the nature of a wife. Some men think of a wife only as a person to whom one can transfer his property or as a person from whom one can transfer her property to himself, and keep it away from the bargain counters. These views are superficial; the character is the thing.

In the first place I found Maud colorless. She lacked any well defined character. (N. B.—Friends are requested not to order floral tributes on account of these words. I shall escape.) I encouraged her to be more truly a typical woman. I wanted her to be stupid, and make all sorts of funny blunders, just as any other woman does. I did not wish her to be too clear in her mind. It is a great mistake. Never let your wife be too clear in her mind. She might take a day off and meditate on her husband, and never have any sort of an opinion of him afterward. When she is threatened with anything of that sort buy her a memorandum book, and let her keep track of the household expenses. In three days she will show you more funny places in the multiplication table than there are in all the variety shows of a season, and it will teach her not to overestimate her own importance. When she tries to pay nine people three dollars apiece out of seventeen dollars, which you gave her on Saturday night, she will realize how small a human being is in comparison with the great and everlasting truths of mathematics.

But Maud and I have never quarreled about money matters. I have made her comfortable and happy on a salary which some might consider good, but which, in comparison with the workman's merit, is the smallest that has been paid since Jacob worked fourteen years for a wife.

Maud is merry most of the time, because I make her so but once in awhile, when nobody sees her but me, she comes in softly—when I am smoking, perhaps, and letting my fancies wander—and she lays her hand upon my shoulder and looks up at me with a sweet, smiling face. She is most to my liking at such times. But whatever she may be, she will be mine. I "manage" her absolutely, for she is only a creature of my imagination, a character in my stories. I am not married.

Sometimes I wish I were and then, again, for her sake, I'm glad I isn't again.

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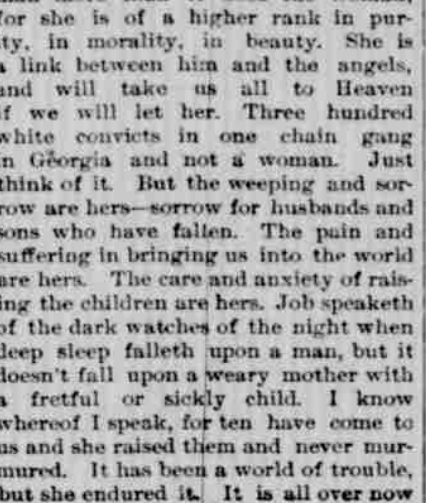
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Arp's Forty-Three Years' Experience.

Is it a sell or a consundrum? We don't manage them down here. I have been married forty-three years and such a thing as managing my wife never occurred to me. I didn't marry her for that. It is very well to talk about managing a horse or a railroad, but the word is a reflection on woman's character. A wife is a partner, a helpmeet. She helps to meet the family expenses and to make life worth living. Managing a wife is a bulldozing business, and that is just what brings about so many divorces. A wife who has to be managed is not a wife. Mr. Beecher said that the first thing to be done to insure good health was to be born of healthy parents. And so the best way to manage a wife is not to marry one who has to be managed. As Bob said when he had served out his sentence in the chain gang: "Boss, de best thing for you to do when you git dar is—not to go dar."

Woman was the last and best work of the Almighty. If Adam evolved, she didn't. She came fresh from her Maker's hand, and was given to man to refine him and elevate him. How she should manage him is a fair question, but how he should manage her is ridiculous. It is a case of "reductio ad absurdum," as the lawyers say. The pure, trusting, innocent being ties herself, binds herself to this evolved son of Adam as fast as Prometheus was bound to the rock, and as soon as the chains are fastened he begins to look around and inquire: "How shall I manage her?" Manage her like you did before you married her. That's all. Never let her know that she is chained. Companionship is the word—companionship that honors the man more than it does the woman; for she is of a higher rank in purity, in morality, in beauty. She is a link between him and the angels, and will take us all to Heaven if we will let her. Three hundred white convicts in one chain gang in Georgia and not a woman. Just think of it. But the weeping and sorrow are hers—sorrow for husbands and sons who have fallen. The pain and suffering in bringing us into the world are hers. The care and anxiety of raising the children are hers. Joy speaketh of the dark watches of the night when deep sleep falleth upon a man, but it does not fall upon a weary mother with a fretful or sickly child. I know whereof I speak, for ten have come to me and she raised them and never murmured. It has been a world of trouble, but she endured it. It is all over now.



HOW THE HOTTEST ALLAYS THE TEMPER OF HIS WIFE.

and the crop is laid by and she deserves a pension both from earth and Heaven. She never thought about managing me, but she has done it. It is well enough to talk about taming a shrew, but managing a woman—never. If there were a whole book written upon it it would go dead—stillborn—for a gentleman wouldn't if he could, and a tyrant couldn't if he would. There may be Petruchios, but there are no Kates.

BILL ARP.

Ope Read—Hedged.

There are undoubtedly many ways to manage a wife, but failure is generally the result—that is if the wife should receive the intimation that her husband is trying to manage her. If a wife is managed at all it is better to conduct the performance in a manner so quiet and confidential as to keep it entirely hidden from her. It mainly depends upon the wife as to whether or not she is to be managed. If she decides not to be managed, and this decision will soon manifest itself in some unexpected way, it were well for the husband to "hedge" in some becoming manner. We would naturally suppose that a delicate blue-eyed creature with a "won't you please love me" expression of countenance and a half suppressed lip that brings a suggestion of a "stray note of music found floating on a sunbeam"—I say we would naturally suppose this sort of ethereal embodiment to be easily managed; but she isn't. In truth she holds her husband—if she has one, and if she hasn't she'll get one very soon—in a condition which is not exactly that of helplessness, but which is a slavery almost as abject. But is he afraid of her? Surely not. She rules him with her tears; and it is better to be ruled with an oaken plant than with a "flood of tears." Ah! but how should a wife be managed? By attention, by little respects and courtesies, by keeping romance alive in the house. A woman who once has loved is forever after a child of romance. A rose given to her at evening is far more effective than a morning argument. Try at times to think as she does. Read in her line rather than ask her to read in yours, and the chances are that your literary taste will be brightened if not improved. Joke with that delicacy and gentleness that add spice and perfume to conversation; but through the smile of pleasantry let not the truth of satire shine. Reason with her. Yes, and reason earnestly, but remember that your court of appeals should be love instead of exact and unflinching justice.

The man who sets in with the determination to rule his wife may find a certain sort of happiness, but he is not likely to communicate any of it to her. Happiness is contagious only in a peculiar condition of atmosphere. Manage well yourself, and in that may lie the management of your wife.

There is a full page, half-tone engraving of Mrs. James C. States in the "Life of Benjamin Harrison" which The Herald is offering free for new subscribers, or for old ones.

MUCH CASH FOR FUN

The Immense Amount Put in Chicago "Side Shows."

THREE GREAT SPECTACLES

Abbey's "America" at the Auditorium. "Columbus" at Bailey's and the Eldorado—The Passion Play.

Abbey's "America" at the Auditorium. "Columbus" at Bailey's and the Eldorado—The Passion Play.

CONSERVATIVE estimates place the investment in amusement enterprises for Chicago during the world's fair at \$40,000,000. Enthusiasts in the Garden City fix the sum at \$50,000,000. But this seems to be a rather wild exaggeration. Still the capitalization of amusement projects at Springfield alone has already amounted into the millions, and much of money this will come from New York.

Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau's spectacle at the Auditorium, Steele Mackaye's enterprise on the world's fair grounds, the Eldorado of Weehawken, the Sousa monster orchestra enterprise, the "Hippodromes," the Passion Play and Pain's fireworks will all be backed by eastern money, and lots of it.

"In fact," said Mr. Schoeffel to me, "it will be a great Coney Island, with amusements big and little on all sides, with the greatest entertainments this country has ever seen and with probably more attractions outside than inside the fair."

Theatrical managers, east and west, have simply gone Chicago-mad. They are paying tremendous prices for privileges, big sum, for centrally located property, and they seem to give no heed whatever to the fact that July, August and September, the great months of the fair, are conducive to anything but indoor amusements. The latest of the enterprises is a contract to transplant the Eldorado to Chicago. I am told that the capitalization is something like two million and a half, that the grounds have already been selected and that the buildings will be an exact reproduction of those at Weehawken, castle, casino, fountain, lights, amphitheater and all.

"We will have two enterprises in Chicago from May to October, and the first will be the spectacle 'America,' at the Auditorium," said Mr. Schoeffel to me. "The play there will be arranged by Imre Kiralfy, and he has carte blanche as to expense. The Schaefer family, of Vienna, to-day the most marvelous performers in the world, are under contract to appear in the spectacle. So is Sandow, the strong man, and we are closing contracts every week with star performers in the capitals of Europe."

The Passion Play seems to be an assured fact. I am told that the incorporation of the company at Springfield late in June was followed almost immediately by the signing of contracts with all the great Oberammergau players. The syndicate is represented in Europe by Franz Janner, director of the Imperial opera house at Vienna, and his first contract was with Joseph Myer, who personated the Saviour at Oberammergau. All the others have been signed on condition that the \$50,000 guaranteed them be placed in bank to the order of a third responsible party. This, too, has been done, and it is now the intention to have all the original costumes and scenery brought here, and an amphitheater will be constructed especially for the production. Even



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

the hotel accommodations for the 325 Bavarian peasants who are to produce the play are engaged.

I had a chat with one of the New York gentlemen interested in the Chicago Hippodrome Company the other day, and he informed me that matters in connection with the enterprise were progressing splendidly. "We are investing \$2,500,000 and will have a greater hippodrome than the best and most famous of Europe. In fact, the star Paris performers are under contract with us, and will be here at the formal opening next May."

There is still some talk of transferring the Paris Hippodrome, complete to the "Lobby Prison" grounds in Chicago, and it is possible that that enterprise will yet be carried into effect.

The first regiment armory is now giving way to Well & Laderer's immense new theater, and I understand that Dr. Ziegfeld has secured the Metropolitan orchestra as one of its prime attractions.

So much has been said of Steele Mackaye's great enterprise on the world's fair grounds that I can add but little of interest. Mr. Mackaye has not yet finished the play which is to be produced there and simply announces that it will be on a grander scale than has ever been attempted in the world of amusements on either side of the Atlantic.

When John Philip Sousa, of the Marine band, left Washington to accept the leadership of the new Chicago orchestra, musical critics announced that popular music would not be looking, and in this they are probably correct. He will be a formidable rival to Theodore Thomas, whose orchestra is also to be greatly enlarged. Then there are vague reports that Gilmore will give up a season at Manhattan Beach and transfer his orchestra to Chicago for the summer. I heard also that the only Gilmore intended to take one hundred New York musicians with him.

The Digby Bell opera company will furnish its share of light opera at Hooley's, and two new operettas are to be produced in addition to "Jupiter." In all of which Mr. and Mrs. Bell will appear. Wilson and De Wolf Hopper are still sparring for openings, and I



CYRIL TYLER.

heard recently that they had each secured a Chicago theater for at least part of the season.

The fireworks spectacles will be in full swing. Both Pain and Brock have secured grounds, paying enormous prices, I understand, for the privileges, and will continue the rivalry which has been so notable at Brighton and Manhattan this season. Both are preparing a Columbian spectacle, and Mr. Pain is arranging to tell the story of the discovery of America in pyrotechnics, to be followed by a historical representation of the great American wars, all pictured in great masses of variegated fire.

Augustin Daly's Shakespeare revival in Chicago will be no mean feature of the great fair. With Ada Rehan and his magnificent company he will produce almost all of the comedies with superb scenic adjuncts.

And then the circus. Bailey will be there with his \$3,000,000 show, and he says he will simply eclipse the world's fair itself. His spectacular play is to be under the direction of Hollosy Kiralfy, and will be an opposition to Imre's at the Auditorium. Bailey says he will have a spectacle in which 2,000 people will participate. So, with Francioli and his Eldorado produced on a more magnificent scale even than at Weehawken, Imre Kiralfy's "America" at the Auditorium, and Hollosy Kiralfy's "Columbia" in the circus, Chicago will have its fill of spectacular.

But these are only drops in the ocean of pleasure that will deluge visitors to the fair. Incidentally I might add that Edgar Strakoski will be there with his boy wonder, the young soprano who is to set New York wild this fall. His name is Cyril Tyler, and he is eleven years old. Edgar will have him out for the first time at Palmer's toward the close of this month. And as I have heard him sing, I can add a word of tribute to his remarkable powers. The coloratura aria from David's "La Perle de Bresil" was sung with all the feeling of a Capote, and Schumann's "Du Rust Wie Eine Blume" was absolutely "Pat-tique-ou." Now Edgar is praying that the boy's voice won't change, at least, until after the world's fair.

Ancient Egyptian Tools. The pride of the people of the present age, based upon the belief that we have outstripped the old world in the arts and sciences, receives another shock. A man whose desire for the truth led him to spend two years in a tomb at Gizeh, Egypt, is said to have secured evidence which proves that 4,000 years ago tools used in cutting stone had jeweled edges, similar to those used at the present day. Solid and tubular tools were used by the builders of the pyramids, and saws, which were supposed to be modern, were used in those days, both straight and circular. There was evidence in some pieces of granite that a drill had sunk one-tenth of an inch at every revolution, and that the pressure to accomplish this must have been at least two tons. It is suggested that as diamonds were exceedingly rare in those days, perhaps corundum was used as points for the tools.—Boston Journal.

Slapping a King. Talleyrand one day, upon entering the private study where father and son were together, found the boy upon his father's knee, while Napoleon was gently slapping him.

"Do you know what I am doing?" asked Napoleon.

"No, sir," said the diplomatist, who was far too wise to guess royal pranks.

"I am slapping a king!" was the answer. And this trifling and harmless pleasantry has been cited by a serious writer as a proof of Napoleon's "cruelty" to his child.—St. Nicholas.

He Thought He Could Tax It. Dossel (to Peck, the grocer)—I got a dollar's worth of sugar of you yesterday.

Peck—Yes, sir. I remember. Was there anything the matter with it?

Dossel—Oh no. I merely called now to order a barrel of lime. That and send will make excellent mortar. So I think I can use the sugar, as I am about to build.—Truth.

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USE OF THE PILLOW

The Aesthetic Housekeeper Decorates Them And

UTILIZES THEM EVERYWHERE

Gros Grain and Brocade Are Now Used for Petticoats—Household Designs for Wedding Breakfasts.

The aesthetic housekeeper will fill her home with pillows big and little and cushions of every conceivable size and shape the coming season. The cushion case which began two seasons ago has at last reached its height and every conceivable material will be used for coverings, and artistic skill will be put to test in devising unique methods for decorating them. Among the new effects jeweled embroidery is appropriate for floor cushions, as the work is ornate in appearance and is quickly wrought. Leather applique is particularly appropriate for library use and will be popular. Reception chairs are upholstered with pieces of embroidery done in filling stitches, satin stitch, or solid Kensington, and the effect sought is that of rare old work that has been handed down from generation to generation. All the dull old shades of color will be used and bright tints are not at all appropriate. The background may be of silk, satin, damask or heavy plain satins in dull dead tones of color. Two strands of fine floss silk are used for the embroidery. A pretty model design is the all-over poppy design on a clear satin or light blue or yellow satin, a color which vegees on a scorch brown. The stalk is worked with dead brown, the leaves with three shades of golden brown, and the poppies with the two lightest shades of golden brown and with intense brown. The stems and leaves are done in satin stitch and the flowers in solid Kensington. Mounted on an old oak or brass frame a beautiful chair is secured.

The petticoat so long relegated to a secondary though necessary place in a woman's toilet is receiving more favorable notice and attention than the dress skirt. When the silk petticoat was introduced by a clever apostle of dress reform several seasons ago, it was invariably made of taffeta and bore upon its border two or three tiny pinked ruffles. Time has proved taffeta not to be durable and the pinked ruffle has also been found to be without wearing qualities. Now the dressmaker, when constructing petticoats of heavy gros grain, as it wears better, or brocade, as it is much handsomer. Trimmings are of lace fastened with ribbons or three hemmed and knife-plaited ruffles with lace garnishings over them. The trimming reaches as high as fifteen inches on the skirt, and though any woman would experience a nervous shock if she were asked to lift her dress so high, yet she voluntarily does it and shows every inch of the pretty trimming on her petticoat. The long scored seams in the back of the skirt make the lifting of them by hand a necessity if one does not aim to sweep the streets.

Some clever designer weary of the good luck horse shoe and everlasting wedding bell has introduced a pretty "wishbone" decoration for a bridal luncheon. On the table is a large floral wishbone of bride roses and anemones, the vines dotted with roses being carried to the corners of the table. A floral wishbone of handsome proportions also rests upon the table. The table is covered with broad bands of gleaming white satin ribbon which extends the length of the table terminating in large bows. Fastened to the guests cards is a genuine gilded wishbone, a narrow white satin ribbon bow holding it in place. The cards are favors to the guests white stick pins and the menu cards are white with golden wishbones stitched thereon.

There is a really new form of parlor decoration introduced this season. It is painting on ground glass and many desirable articles are shown. Probably the most effective are the three-panel screens. These are decorated with three panels with a continuous design in oil paints, the effect being very soft and artistic. Among the popular designs is a flight of swallows over a continued bit of marsh land, with tall aquatic grasses here and there. Another pretty design is a section of a field of waving grain, with an old red fence border, the whole being brightened with field poppies, cornucopias enter very prettily into a composition for another screen study. The panels are in fact, a series of white ribbons with soft colors and the entire effect is exceedingly satisfactory.

Green, as a color, is being appreciated, and its long absence from parlors of the aesthetic is hard to account for when its beautifying effect has been demonstrated. One of the most charming effects is produced in antique oak, with green hangings and upholstery. The scheme of color is a sought from the fireplace, where an elaborate oak mantel shows heavy carved panels, and a sweeping garland beneath the shelf is finely carved, the mantel facing is green, the green tiles with a suggestion of yellow being used. A carpet in shades of green in a design of leaves and antique oak chairs upholstered in green velvet, with hangings of green plush, complete the room, to which may be added many pretty trifles. Of course there is green and green. Care must be taken in the selection of the shades if a fine effect is to be attained.

MATTHEW MATRIMONIAL.

Pretty Autumn Weddings and How They Were Solemnized.

William H. Jamison and Miss Abbie E. Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Norton, were married Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents, No. 146 South Lancaster street. About seventy-five guests were present and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. M. F. Bradley of the Park Congregational church. The Matrimonial wedding march was played on the violin and piano by Miss Edith Forbes of Kalamazoo and Miss Emily Stahl of this city. Presiding the bride wore the house's two blue satins, Misses Grace and Clara, veiled in white and carrying cream white roses, Miss Mabel Forbes of Kalamazoo, the maid of honor, and Adeline Newell, the groom's best man, advanced just before the bride and groom. Miss Forbes wore